man, who is looking for the Good s we used to have, having produced several stories which are va-riously received by Wally Wanderoon, the children and the story-teller him-self, Drussilla tells tales that are real stories according to her mind.)

was slience for a little while. tain that you didn't leave out sixty or

nuff, an' too much is a pienty. I bet you I kin tell you one dat you'd like ter hear; an' tain't no nigger tale nother. My she got it fum de white folks."

as if trying to recall some of the incidents of the story, and then began. As

time dey wuz a man what had big fambly dat he wuz hard pushed fer ter feed um all. He had thir-ten childun, an' de biggest wa'nt mo'n an den, bimeby, dey come a bad crop year, De season wuz so dry dat dey can't raise taters. Dey scluffel 'long de

a time dat sump'n gotter be done, an' de oldest boy, he up an' say dat' he gwine somers whar he kin arn his livin' and maybe he'p his daddy an' mammy.

"Well, dey wuz great ons when de time come fer him ter go 'way. Dey all cried an' cried an' cried, tell it look like dey wuz gwinter cry der eyes out.

"Ef you'll take notice, poor toks like der famblies a heap better dan what rich folkes does. Anyhow, dat's what my granny say, an she sho did know, kaze she wuz mighty nigh a hundred years ol', an' she had seed sights in her day an' time.

a time dat sump'n gotter be done, an' de

o.

Olsh yer boy wus name Mack Sump'n Nother—I done fergot what—so I'll call 'im plain Mack, an' let it go at .

'Tain't gwinter hurt 'im, kaze he e dead by dis time; my granny say done kick loose fum his troubles long

done kick loose fum his troubles long 'I wuz born.
'Well, his mammy, she packed up de ds, cryin' all de time. She put um in bag, an inter de bag she slipped a few ters, an' a little rasher er bacon, not o'n nuff fer ter last a hongry man five minis. An' dat ar Maok, stidder walt-tell nex' moriin' like he say he gwiner, do, slung his bag on his back, got his ulkin'-cane, an' put down the road like mp'n wuz atter him; he didn't wanter if um all goodbye. But when dey fin't dat he done gone, I bet you'd ey wus neepin' an' whalin' in dat house—ef you a call it a house.

wheepin an whalli in dat house—et you kin call it a house.

"Whiles all dis wuz gwine on Mack, he wuz polin' down de big road. Ef he didn't cry it wuz kaze he ain't got no pockethandcher. He went on, he did, an' bimeby he come ter de place whar de roads led ter de town, kaze he had been dar wid his daddy, but what de yuther road led to he didn't no no mo' dan' de man in de moon—ef dey's any man'der. He studyin', he got a notion dat some un wuz taikin' ter 'im. Den he look all 'roun,' an' dar under a tree wuz a little ol' man. He wuz bareheaded an' barefooted, an' he ain't got no coat.

"Dar he stood shiverin' an' shakin' under de tree. Den Mack wux mightly hold up, kaze dar wuz a man wuss off dan what he wuz—colder an' hungrier an' nakeder, an' he never spected for ter see sech a sight. De little ol' man 'low,' My head col'; loan me yo' hat.' Mack say, 'It ain't much uv er hat, but what dey is you er mo der, welcome ter.' De little ol' man say, 'My body col'; loan me yo' coat.' Mack 'low, 'Ef my coat'l keep yo' shoes,' Mack 'low, 'Take um; if dey keep yo' foots warn, it'il be mo' dan dey've done fer me.' De little ol man say, 'The hongry, gi' me what vittles you got.' Mack low, 'It's little oum', but I speck it'll do you mo' good dan what I will me, an' wid dat, he gun de little ol' man all de vittles he had 'cep' one plece er bread.
"Der, he ax de man what road he shille."

ain't been settin' dar long 'fo' he

ed his piece er brend.

"He ain't been settin' dar long 'fo' he hear a noise, an' when he look 'roun', dar wuz de little ol' man settin' on de yuther en' er de log. He wuz ail drawed up an' swivelled, but he had a big bundle in his han', an' he wuz des ez chippor ez a jay-bird. He giggled like he wuz mighty night tickeld ter death. Mack ain't suy nothin', but he look at de man mighty hard. Bimeby, when de little ol' man spot over his giglin's spell, he look at Mack an' 'low, 'now den, young man, you dore if' me purty nigh evelything you had, an' now I'm gwine ter pay you back. Take dish yer bundle an' open it.
"So sald, so don. Mack opened de bundle, an' dar wuz a good suit er cloze, a rice pair er shoes an' a hat; an' dey wuz ail bran' new. Mack went in de bushes an' put um on, an' when he come back you wouldn't hardly 'a-knowed him, he looked so fine an' clean. He suid thanky-do ter de man, an' made his best bow. Den de man; gi' lim a rins. He low, he did, dat de ring wuz too hig fer Mack's higgest finger, but anyhow, he must keep it on his finger, kaze ef he lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it, an' kneep it on his finger, kaze ef he lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he of the don't lose it he'll he of the don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he onlucky; but ef he don't lose it he'll he of the don't lose it

keep it on his finger—de big finger er his left han"—he kin do anything he try lier do.

"Mack look at de ring ar' try it on, an' when he turn 'roun' fer ter say thanky der de little o' man, dey wasn't nobedy dar. He look an' look, but dey ain't nobedy in sight, an' it make 'im feel mighty quare, kaze he ain't been use ter folks fadlw away right befo' his eyes, lie pleked up his foots, ar.' I bet you he got away fum dar.

"He went on an' went on, an' bimeby, atter so long a time, he come inter a new country, an' in dat country he hear bout de quare doin's er de king. Some say he had mo' sense dan what ary yuther king had, an' some say he wuz stark-naled crazy. Mack lis'en at 'all dis talk, but he ain't say nothin'. When dey ax 'im' bout de king, he say he don't know liim. Den day say dat he de ve'y man fer ter settle a 'spute what dey been havin', an' den day ax 'im what he think uy a king what wanter gi his daughter ter, do man what kin clean out his stables, an' sweep out his back-yard, an' fill up de dry well.

"Mack ax ef anybody is ever tried for ior do all dis. Dey say dat hundreds ar folks is tried, an' come 'way widout doin' one er de yulher. Den Mack 'low, he did, dat de king is smart man, kaze he huntin' fer somebody what kin do better dan anybody see, an' he say he gwineter take de job, an' see ef he can't ahow de king how he clean up things at his house.

"Well, de word went round dat a young when a fur country is gwinter try his 'well, de word went round dat a young "well, de king how he clean up things at his house."

"Well, de word went round dat a young "well, de king to all the head of the proposition of the head of the proposition of the proposition of the h

(The Story Telling Machine in the house han' at cleanin' out de place whan de of Wally Wanderson, the little old king don his kingin' an' bimeby it come ter de year er de king an' he des lay back on his th'one an' laughed tell he can't laugh no mo; an' den he call in his daughter an' tol' her dat dey wus another fool comin' fer ter clean out his de gal, she ain't see de joke dis time. She vow dat she ain't gwinter play no sech game; she 'low dat bimeby some good-fer-nothin'il come an' do what nebody else can't do, an' den sho'll hatter mar-ry 'im whedder er no. She say she done makoup her min' what ter do, an she gwinter do it.

ry im whedder er no. She say she done makoup her min' what ter do, an she gwinter do it.

"So she went an' fix herself up like one er de poor folks. She shucked her eilt duds an' all her fine cloze, an' come out'n her room lookin' for all de worl' like she b'longed ter de poor white trash, an' when Mack come waikin' 'room' de yard ter de house whar de kingin' wuz done, she wuz walkin' 'roun' de yard barefooted, an' her cloze looked like dey had been fished outer de rag-bag.

"Mack say howdy, an' tuck off his hat. De gal 'low, 'You couin't do no mo' ef I wuz de king's daughter.' Mack say, 'I bet you er lots purtier dan what de king's daughter.' Mack say,' I bet you er lots purtier dan what de king's daughter. What you want 'roun' here, anyhow?' Mack, 'low,' I may want you 'fo' I git thoo, but what I want right now is fer somebody ter run an' tell de king dat dey's a man out here what want ter do some cleanin' for 'lim.' De gal went 'roun de back way, an' bime by somebody come ter de door, an' ax Mack what he want. Mack say he des wanter do some cleanin' for de king. Some un done to! 'lin, he say, dat de king want his stable cleaned out, an' his back yard swep'. De door-keeper run an' to!' de king, an' he to!' um fer ter show de foolin.
"So Mack, he went in whar de king wuz

swep. De door-keeper run an' tol' de king, an' he tol' um fer ter show de fool in. 
"So Mack, he went in whar de king wuz an' he seed mo' fine doin's dan he ever see befo' in all his born days. He mired up in de kyarpits, an' come mighty nigh waikin' headfo'most in a big looking-glass on de wall. 'Bout dat time he gun tor feel shaky, an' he got de idee dat maybe he'd come ter de wrong place. But he heit up his head an' make like he been use ter dat kinder doin's all his life. Bimeby de house gal come an' tol' 'Im dat de king'd see 'Im, an' she showed im niter a great big room dat look like it'd hol' a hundred folks, an' upon a flatform sot de aing. He had his hankcher on his mouf fer ter keep fum laughin, an' ove'y once in a while he'd mighty nigh strangle hisself wid coughin'.

"Mack tol' him howdy ez perlite ez he could, an' bowed ez low ez he knewed how. Den de king say dat de folks what tol' 'Im dat ain't no lie; an' den he went on ter say dat he been trylr; fer de longest kind of a time fer ter git somebody what kin clean out his stable, sween his back yard an' fill a dry well. Mack 'low dat he'll try ter do de best he kin. ''So de king, ter make sho er matter, tol' 'Im dat af he done de job, he mought marry his daughter, an' ef he can't do de job he'll hatter go ter jail fer a speli, an' den he sont fer de carriage driver an' tol' 'im ter show de young man whar de stable is. Dey ain't no two ways about it, Mack wus feelin' shaky, an' ef he could' a' backed out er doin' de job he wouldn't.





THELMA BUSH.

dar close tor de stable, an' sho nuff' dar' twuz, an' it look like it wuz in about a mile deep. De king, he went on back tor de house, whar he do his kingin', an' Mack, he whirled in fer ter fill up de dry well. It look like de dirt what he tuck fum de stables des went an' got in de dry well. It look like de dirt what he tuck fum de stables des went an' got in de dry well by itself, kaze when he flung one shovel full in, forty wheelbarrows in the full would folier atter an fall in de well. An 'twan't ten minnites' fo' de well wuz too much for you. Mack went on up ter'de house, an' de king, settin' on de porch, seed 'im. He 'low, 'I speck de well wuz too much for you. Mack say, 'No, sirree: I fulled it up wid de dirt I flung out'n de stable. 'Twan't no trouble 'tall.' De king look at 'im right hard, an' say, 'looky hero, young man, what kinder chap is you, anyhow?' Mack 'low, 'I'm des a common, eve'yday chap what ain't skeered er work. What I does I does so easy dat I don't charge nothin' for it.' De king say, 'Well, dar's de back yard an' de front yard fer ter clean up.' Mack 'low, 'I'll lay off ter do dat ternight when de dus' won't bodder nobody.

"At dat de king laugh loud an' laugh loug. Mack say, 'You must sholy be tickled.' Dis make de king laugh loud on dan ever, an' Mack went off an' sot down in de shade an' wondered what make de king laugh so hard. He sot dar, he did terlieb per word of the shade an' wondered what make de king laugh so hard. He sot dar, he did terlieb per word of the shade an' wondered what make de king laugh so hard. He sot dar, he did terlieb he wuz sno'in' de gal come out ter see wharabouts he wuz. 'Twan't long 'fo' she foun' 'Im, and den she stood lookin' at 'im, kinder smillin' ter en house.

"Atter so long a time Mack woke up an' missed his ring, an' right den an' dar he had she nuff trouble in his min'. He ain't got no idee whar de ring is. He knowed he had it on when he sot down dar, an' he couldn't make out what had gone wid it. Bimsby de gal come out fer ter see ef he wuz wak

dat ring ez any udder gal-an' dat's why one bit, not one grain, an' she look so heart go flippity-flap. She come up close put her han' on his, an' 'twuz sech a soft little han' he can't he'p squeezin' it a little bit. But when he went ter put his arm 'roun' her, she broke away fum 'lm an' run in de house des like she oughter done, kaze she'd been raise' right an' knowed what she wuz doin. "When night come, Mack got 'lm a big brush-broom an' started ter sweep de trush an' dirt out'r de yard. He seed 'fo' de sun went down how bad it needed cleanin', an' he say ter hisse'f



dat he don't wanter marry de king's daughter ef she ain't no better house-keeper dan ter let de front an' back yard stay lookin' like dat. He skacely knowed whar ter begin at, but when he did start in a high wind come up an' blowed de dirt an' trash 'way ez fast ez he in raise it wid his brush-broom; an' bimeby he ain't had ter sweep 'tall, kaze de win' got stronger an' stronger, an' it des pick up de trash an' de dust an' tuck it cloan away.

By dat time Mack had done finish do Job, an' de yard wux clean, as de floorer de house whar de king live at. Den die gal, she went ter bed an' dremp dremms dat she ain't dremp before. The next morning the live of the live

(To be continued.)

## Life of Boys on the Farm

Life for boys on Fluvanna farms begins in the spring, when

"The alder by the river Shakes out her powdery curls, For little boys and girls."

nuddy days of winter; still it is only when all the little pools of water have disappeared from between the last year's her hat instead of that ever-present "Now, boys, for a walk to the river."
This proposition is hailed by joyous shouts from Louis and Archie, there is a scramble for hats (somehow boy's hats are never just where they should be), and they are off for the river.

are nover just where they should be), and they are off for the river.

The sun shines through a soft haze and the boys are as joyous as the roblint that filts among the bare twigs of a persimmen tree over their heads. How the healthy blood bounds through their veins, giving warm, rich color to cheek and lip. How their spirits rise and effervesce at each elastic step. What care they if their jackets are frayed and torn, and what thought do they give to the yawning holes in their little shoes. Is not the sun shining, the sky blue and the water rippling clear and bright? Is not the clean, bright sand spread in tempting array before them, and oh, the possibilities that lie in that stretch of yellow sand. Louis, who last night climbed engrandpa's knee and heard the oft-repeated stories of how grandpa did in the war, throws up beenstworks and shoets willow switch Yankees until all the sand is covered with his victims. The more practical Archie bunts rocks to throw is covered with his victims. The more practical Archie hunts rocks to throw

Everybody Didn't Know.

One cold day little Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit, when his father said to him: "Tom, button your coat!"

Tom hesitated awhile.
"Look at mine," added his father.
"Yes," said Tom ruefully, "but everybody knows you wear trousers.

BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA DURING THE YEAR.

## T.L. Alfriend & Son, Agents, No. III5 East Main Street.

BONDS AND STOCKS OWNED ABSOLUTELY BY THE

Not amount of unpuld losses.

Not amount of unpuld losses.

Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks rounning one year or less from date of policy, including interest, premiums on perpetual fire risks, \$838,822.53; uncarned premiums (50 per cent.).

Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks running more than one year from date of policy, \$501,220,23; uncarned premiums (including both each and bills) received and receivable upon all unexpired inland navigation risks, \$52,549.15; uncarned premiums (for per can).

Gross premiums (including both each and bills) received and receivable upon all unexpired inland navigation risks, \$52,549.15; uncarned premiums (50 per cent.).

Gross premiums (and bills) received and receivable on all uncapired marine risks 50 per cent. on time bulls. Total unearued premiums as computed above.

Commissions, brokerage and other charges due and to become due to agents and brokers, on premiums paid and in course of collection.

Surplus beyond capital and all dabilities except capital stock and net surplus.

5 D47.487 68 462.5778 10

Aggregate amount of all liabilities including said up capital stock and net surplus \$1,400,865 79

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR. RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

Marine and Inland.

Gross premiums and bills unpaid at close of last year.... \$ 218.748 53 \$ 80.103 75 Aggregate amount of receipts actually received during the year to cash ...... \$1,882,895 18

Net amount paid during the year for losses. \$650,086 83 \$100,747 41 \$859,888 79 aid for commission or brokerage. \$44,976 61 Paid for ealarties, fees or other charges of officers, clerks, agents and all other employes. \$60,123 49 40,467 59 All other payments and expenditures.

BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA DURING THE YEAR.

Dominion of Canada; Province of Ontario; City of Toronto—sa: Sworn to January 28, 1903, before H. D. GAMBLE, Hotary Public.

JULIUS STRAUS & SON, Agents, 1013 East Main Street.



canterin' long, an' ax 'im how he gittin' long. Mack say he gittin' long purty well in spite er de conjerments. Den de gal tell 'im dat he'll hatter marry de king's daughter of he do all dat he sot out ter do; but Mack, he say, he did, dat he'll not marry de king's daughter while

NOW OVER 40 YEARS—AND LIKELY TO REMAIN THE ONLY REAL CURE FOR Rheumatism and the Sloja Relations. At druggists, 160, Bottle. Postal brings booklet. Will. MULLER, University Place, New York,

how gals is. Well, out she come, but Mack, stidder talkin' 'bout his ring, tol' de gal dat he'd hatter go back home. He an' while he'd like ter stay on 'count or

done had a dream dat his mamy wuz slok, an' while he'd like ter stay on 'count er de gal, he wuz bieeze ter go back home.

"De gal look sollum when she tan dis kinder news, an' when she talk she had a inder etch in her goozle. She say, 'I'm mighty sorry you gwine, atter what you to!' me, but of you gwine you better not tell de king.' Den she look at his han' an' say, 'Law! whar yo' fine ring? Mack 'low, 'I done lost it, an' I can't fin it nowhar. Dut ring wuz my fortune; I can't do nothin' widout it. I laid off fer ter gi! 'you de ring what my mammy gi! me when I started on my journey, but 'tain't no use now; wid my good luck ring gone I can't nover hope ter git you.' De gal say, 'When you gwinder start?' and he 'low dut he gwineter make tracks fum dar des ez soon ez night come.

"De gal say she mighty sorry, an' Mack say she can't be half ez sorry ez he wuz, an' not nigh ez lonesome. De gal sorter stood 'roun', waitin' fer Mack tessay sump'n but he wuz feelin' too bad; he des hung his head an' sot dar wid his mouf shot. Den de gal ax 'im not ter go tell he see her, an' he promise dat he won't ef he kin see her 'G' night.' "Well, dos 'fo' night fell, here come

SINCE THE WAR Frescription 100,384"

wid." is that all?" asked Sweetest Susan.
"Tain't half." repli Drusilla, "Ef I wux for tell you all dat Mack done wid dat ring, I'd keep you here a vieck or mo.\" (To be continued.)